

CATALOGUE

Julia Wieting

Words. String clanking seraphs
around your neck and announce
your presence to those afraid, and weak.

Bodies. Held: hair, bosom, hips, bend of legs,
negligent falling hands (a dying fall):
a language of measured and beautiful motion.
Encircle and be circumscribed.

And God. Lean that slant of light against a wall
and climb to heaven. The floral scent of neighborhoods
wafts up even there, screaming. *Tiare, puakenikeni*, Malabar jasmine.
Blooming loneliness. And so
make a lei and kiss God, honi Him warm and nice
and leave.